1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

tion but because they take pride in making the best of what they have. Most of the meager sums of money they do have are probably sent in from a son who has a job outside the mountains. Government programs of supplying food are also periodically necessary to support these hardy people.

There are two historical factors accounting for the hardiness assigned to the mountain people over the plains dwellers. Before independence, the plainsmen, particularly in Thessaly and Macedonia, were attached to the estates of absentee Turkish landlords and, according to travelers' accounts, lived in tenancy approaching serfdom, despised by the more independent Greeks of the mountains. Further, the plains villagers suffered for centuries from the terrible malaria of the lowlands; drained of vitality, they were probably actually poorer physical specimens than the peasants of the more healthy uplands.

As various features of the peasant's life unfold, particularly in a later discussion of village ways, we can understand even better the differences between the peoples of the mountains and the plains. Nevertheless, we should not forget that as villagers the two groups hold much in common, such as their shared loyalty to their village and their tendency to be distrustful of the "outside world," particularly of the central-government officials in Athens.

The Sea

If mountains and plains are disappointing in the resources they contribute to Greece, then surely, one would think, the sea would more than compensate by providing fish in abundance. As a matter of fact, fish are an important source of protein in the Greek diet, but before the Second World War less than half of the total amount of fish eaten (35,000 to 40,000 metric tons) was caught by Greek fishermen in Greek seas. The rest had to be bought from abroad, often from neighboring countries, out of the country's meager store of foreign exchange.[14] Students of the problem seem to believe that the sea around Greece is rich in fish and that the trouble lies in the failure of the authorities to promote and foster a fishing industry. The many fishing boats destroyed during the war are being replaced, though slowly.

The merchant marine of Greece has been through the years a source of national pride. Here is one way the sea has been put to good advantage. Before World War II Greek ships totaled 1,900,000 tons and included 500 ocean-going vessels and a coastal and Mediterranean fleet of 55 large ships and 733 caiques, or small sailing boats. In 1946 there remained 138 miscellaneous ships totaling 501,000 tons. The sale of 100 liberty ships by the United States government to Greek operators at one fourth of the original cost contributed much to the rebuilding of the Greek merchant marine.

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village. We hired a caique, with both sails and motor, to take us on the three-hour trip to Neos Marmaras, a picturesque refugee village. Hardly were we aboard when a group of excited peasants came to ask if they could go with us. Our one crewman seemed to have no objection so we told them to join us.

Almost at once these lively individuals explained that they were from the village of Parthenon. They had been spending the past twenty-five days helping the peasants around Niketas harvest their grain and were no longer needed now that threshing had begun. Before talking about their work, however, we had to exchange the rites of hospitality. We had spread out a blanket on which we placed a large piece of bread bought just before departure and a portion of white cheese given me by the teacher in the village. Although the peasants looked thin and hungry, they refused our food. One man, carefully eyeing our bread, said, "Here, take some of my bread; yours isn't well done."

Six or seven of the people of Parthenon, sprawled around the blanket while we ate, tried politely to hide their curiosity. Our lunch finished and the purpose of our trip explained to them several times, it became our turn to ask them questions. We started with a woman in her thirties, a widow. She was dressed in a poor cotton dress, was barefoot, wore a kerchief on her head, but her proud look and direct answers were those of an independent spirit. She was obviously very anxious to get back to Parthenon and several times expressed her gratitude for the lift. "Thank you very much. You have saved us four or five hours of walking on this warm day." She had had to leave her four children at home twenty-five days ago and had had no word from them since then, even though her village was only a relatively few kilometers away. Apparently she had gone on working in the harvest fields for winter bread, clinging to the belief that "no news was good news," but her drawn face showed her long concern: "I left them with only a piece of bread to eat. I don't know how they made out."

"How old are your children?"

"My eldest child is fifteen, the next is eleven, and the other two quite young."

"Does the fifteen-year-old take care of the rest while you are away?"

"He would if he could, but he must look after the cows of my brother who is a soldier, and so the eleven-year-old takes care of the younger two."

We learned that there were some relatives living in the village who probably kept an eye on the youngsters but did not assume full responsibility for them.

We were told that these villagers did not look forward to this trip. It is a trial, an ordeal that must be endured if they are to have any bread, for the men cannot find work in Parthenon that will provide them with money to buy bread.